

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sundays by The Evening World Publishing Company, Inc. 20 to 22 Park Row, New York.
BUREAU: JOSEPH PULITZER, President, 20 Park Row.
J. AMOS ALLEN, Treasurer, 20 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 20 Park Row.
Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices.
Subscription prices: One Year, \$10.00; Six Months, \$5.00; Three Months, \$2.50.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.
VOLUME 16, NO. 20,935

TRYING TO LOSE IT.

WISHING to unload the hyphen incubus somewhere, Mr. Hughes naturally tries to leave it on to the Administration doorstep.

"We strongly denounce the use of our soil," declares the Republican candidate, "as a base for alien intrigue, for conspiracies and the fomenting of disorders in the interest of any foreign nation, but the responsibility lies at the door of the Administration."

Of course. Everybody knows that the favor and protection accorded to German propaganda of all sorts by President Wilson are what have won him the singular regard in which he is held in all Teutonic circles in this country and abroad.

That is why professional German agitators have denounced him as the arch foe of "neutrality."

That is why practically all German and pro-German newspapers in this country bitterly oppose him.

That is why the hyphenates turned from him in horror and flocked to the congenial patriotism of Mr. Hughes.

The hyphenates are credited with considerable astuteness. So, perhaps, it doesn't bother them to hear their chosen candidate and leader declaring their most dreaded enemy to have been the better friend.

AMONG THE FIRST HEROES.

THE courage and cheerfulness with which the American negro troops met death at Carrizal make a story of which their country and their race may well be proud.

Capt. Morey relates that for three-quarters of an hour these men fought against fatal odds, "singing and joking among themselves all the while, even though they realized we had been trapped and had little chance of getting out alive."

It is not only his understanding of obedience and discipline that makes the negro as good and sometimes a better soldier than the white man. The negro in most cases possesses a buoyancy of spirit and a capacity for personal devotion and loyalty to his leaders that make him a blithe and willing fighter.

The Carrizal affair is not yet fully understood. But even though it turns out to have been a blunder due to overzeal, no blame will attach itself to the men who only did what they were told to do. If war it proves to be, the fact that among its first heroes were negroes will give inspiring impetus to the movement to organize negro regiments into the National Guard—already under way in this State.

"THE HOUR OF ACTION?"

AS THE Russian advance in the east slackens for the moment come reports from the western front of British "smashes" which even Berlin characterizes as "important." British heavy artillery has been pounding with extra vigor along a sixty-five-mile front and British infantry is said to have broken through the German lines at ten different places. On the other hand the French around Verdun are rather less active than of late.

Nevertheless Paris seems convinced that a great offensive movement on the part of the allies is preparing. "The hour of action," so the Matin puts it, "is here. Attack succeeds defense on many fronts."

It begins to look as if the allies meant, at first anyhow, to do their attacking in turn—perhaps with a view to causing hurried redistributions of German reinforcements until there is no heavy mass of opposing strength at any one point.

If the allies are getting ready for a terrific, concerted, "all together" effort to crush in the Teutonic fronts east, west and south, the present alternate attacks are easily understood. The allies hope the ring may assume a fairly uniform thickness in order that under pressure from all sides it shall yield everywhere at once.

Hits From Sharp Wits

A man doesn't always get what is coming to him. Very often things directed to him are delivered to other parties.

The fewer wants a man has the more freedom he has.—Deseret News.

In these days when men talk of the "product of the pen," you don't know whether they mean poetry or poetry.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Fortune tellers could always hit it right by telling their patrons they are foolish.

If all strength that is devoted to

what is called exercise were applied to useful activities much more work would be done.—Albany Journal.

Some one says the way to get along with your wife is to put her on a salary. Another way to get along with her is to put your salary on your wife.—Nashville Banner.

And a girl isn't necessarily a candy because her face looks like a marshmallow.—Columbia State.

When a chap finds that the girl he's trying to entertain is thinking about an engagement she hasn't seen in a month he'd as well quit.—Macon News.

Letters From the People

Solutes the Solider Boys.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

A war is impending and our brave soldier lads are making ready to go to the front and fight—for us who remain at home. Some of them will come back with empty sleeves flapping in the wind, some with shrapnel wounds, some with shrapnel wounds, and there will be many whose white-pinked bones will bleach upon the arid deserts of Mexico, and whose widows and orphans will weep bitter tears for their dead heroes who will never come home again.

When we meet the brave khaki-clad boys on the street it is customary to pass them by with a cursory glance as if they were the loaman or the coal man. This is all wrong. Let us show our gratitude and respect for the noble men who are fighting our battles, who are giving their lives for us, by saluting each soldier we meet. It is a little thing, to be sure—just touching the hat or forehead with the open palm; but oh, it will mean so much to the self-sacrificing heroes who are giving up their homes, their happiness—even going down to the gates of death—for us.

W. C. BARNES.

A Time Question.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some learned reader of The Evening World give me an answer to the problem which I herewith present? When it is noon to-day in Washington it is 1 A. M. to-morrow in Manila. If traveling eastward, it were possible to travel the globe almost instantaneously, why would not one theoretically return to Washington to-morrow, even though but an instant of time had elapsed? PUZZLED.

Saturday, July 15.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can you tell me, please, the day in July upon which St. Swithin's Day will fall? I wish to keep a record and see if there is any truth in the old superstition that if rain falls on that day it will continue forty days.

E. T. W.

See World Almanac, Page 102.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

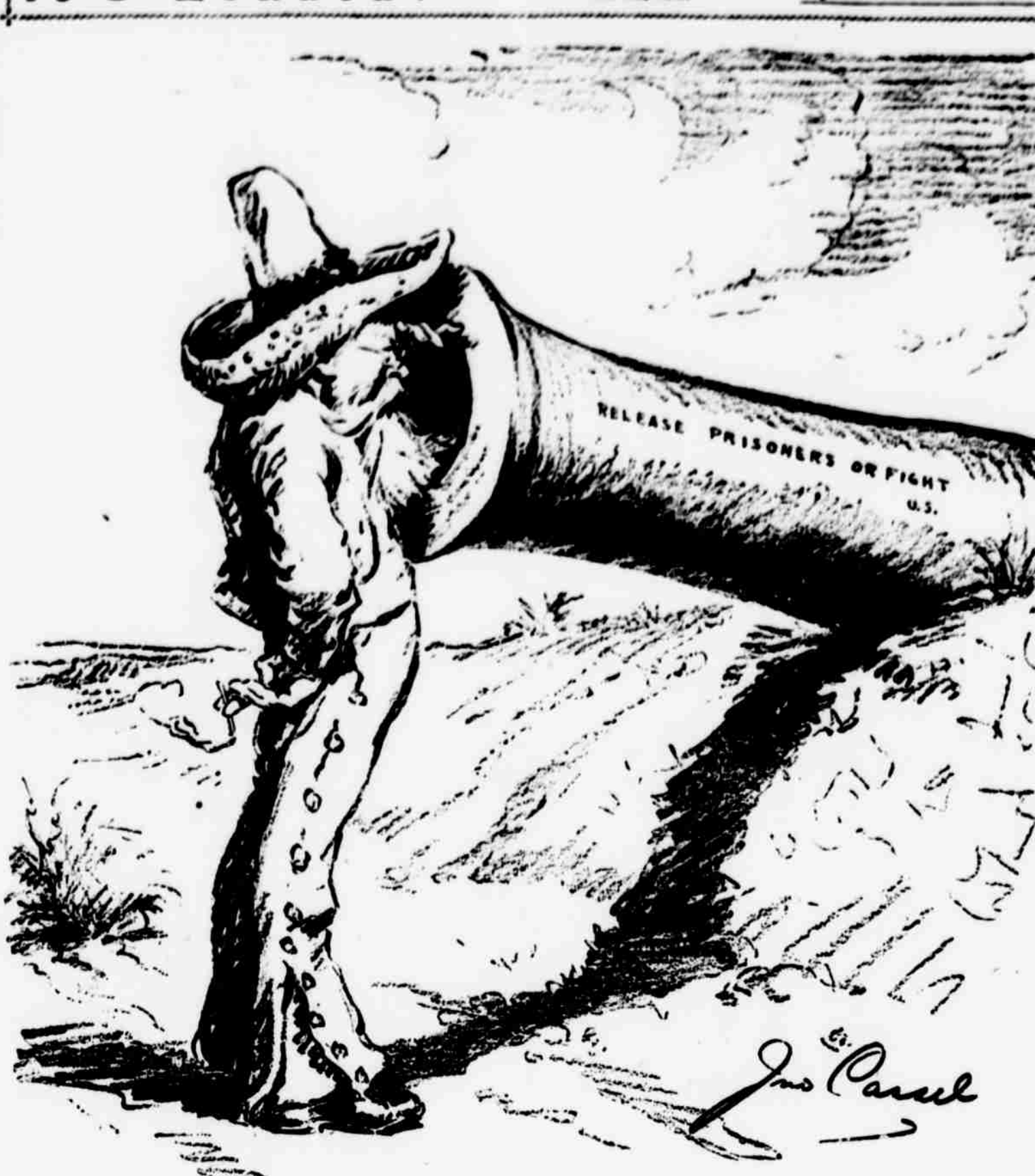
Will you please inform me how to go about applying for a patent on an article I have invented? L. R. Feb. 23, 1915.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To settle a dispute, please tell me the exact date when Francisco Madero, formerly President of Mexico, was assassinated. M. R.

It's Loaded!

By J. H. Cassel



Just a Wife (Her Diary.)

Edited by Janet Trevor.
Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

CHAPTER XXIII.

SEPTEMBER 2.—"Have you written to ask Mrs. Denford to dine?" Ned inquired as we sipped our after-dinner coffee tonight.

I winced a little, as I do when that woman's name comes up. But I don't think Ned noticed it.

"No, dear," I said. "I'm not sure just how many others you wish to dine. I wanted first to talk over all the arrangements with you."

(That was a fib. I didn't want to give or consider giving a dinner to those society women, and I had hoped Ned would forget the idea. That looks horribly selfish, written down, but remember that I had heard Mrs. Denford laughing at me in her own house, saying I was a millionaire around Ned's neck.)

"Now I'll tell you what we'll do," Ned began, with considerable animation. "We'll ask them to dine at the Trois Arts. The chances are they've never been there, and what people like that prefer to anything else is novelty."

"We can't have them here; I doubt if Mrs. Denford has ever been in an apartment on the west side. And we can't do them in the fashion to which they're accustomed at one of the Fifth Avenue restaurants. So we'll take a new line altogether."

"The Trois Arts is in a picturesque locality, and it hasn't been exploited to death. The cooking is excellent and I can order a special dinner of delicious French dishes for \$2 a plate. Even the wine is fairly reasonable. And after dinner our coffee and liqueurs can be served on a little balcony, and then the paraphernalia for any game we want can be brought to us. I think we'll have eight at the dinner, so that we can make two tables of auction bridge. I'll get something new for a prize."

As he talked Ned grew more and more enthusiastic, but my heart sank. Of course he didn't know—I had never told him—of Mrs. Denford's jeering criticisms which I had overheard inadvertently the night we dined there. But there were other things which he might have considered—and didn't. I have only one really sane evening gown, and I wore that at Mrs. Denford's party. But I can't get another one, for the expense of the dinner Ned outlined to me will be far more than we can afford.

"Two dollars apiece and eight of us," I was thinking. "That's sixteen dollars. Cocktails, champagne, liqueurs, the bridge prize, the tips—what will it all come to?"

Perhaps Ned guessed what was in

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

REAL "genius" is a woman who has brains enough to outline any man in a conversation—and sense enough not to try.

If everybody in the world seems to be going against you why not turn around the other way and jog along with the crowd?

A man expects a woman to laugh at all his jokes, admire all his bon mots, agree with all his opinions, and be blind to all his faults—and then he scornfully wonders why women are so "hypocritical!"

Knowing how to take "no" for an answer may be the part of wisdom, but knowing how to propose to a girl and GET "no" for an answer—that requires genius!

No, Miriam, a man's love never dies! It merely turns, like a searchlight, onto one object right after another.

Alas! a man never will cease to believe that, after a misunderstanding with a woman, a box of flowers and a kiss constitute an "explanation."

Sometimes the pet names which a man bestows on his wife are almost as tender and extravagant as those which a woman bestows on her dog.

Oh, yes, every girl should have a serious object of attainment in life, even though it be only the kind that pays the bills and runs the lawn mower.

Women are so afflicted with sensational astigmatism that to most of them a dull marriage looks a whole lot brighter than a brilliant career. (N. B.—It is!)

Surgery in the War.

DR. ALEXIS CARREL, the distinguished French surgeon, for many years connected with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, was one of the most celebrated of the world's surgical pioneers at the outbreak of the present war, when he returned to his native land to offer his services as a surgeon. Dr. Carrel declares that the science of surgery benefited little from investigations carried on during the war. The surgeons are too busy in patching up shattered and broken humanity to have any time to devote to extensive laboratory work.

One of the achievements of the war in the development of surgery, Dr. Carrel believes, is the use of a compound of hypochloride of soda in disinfecting wounds. In the early days of the war it was found that the prompt and thorough use of a reliable antiseptic was absolutely necessary to save wounded soldiers. It was Dr.

Carrel's colleague, Dr. Dakin, who discovered the antiseptic solution which, being cheap, easy to prepare and practical, was the means of saving many lives.

"Aseptic surgery is all very well in time of peace when wounds are not infected," declared the master surgeon, "but in war all wounds are more or less infected, and it is this infection rather than the laceration of bone and tissue that is responsible for the mortality or the need of radical surgical intervention."

Not shells or bullets, but wound infection, has been the deadly scourge of this war, in the opinion of Dr. Carrel. He and his co-workers have accomplished much toward reducing the mortality rate from this source, but it is his opinion that large numbers of soldiers still die of wounds which are not fatal in themselves, and which would yield readily to treatment if a powerful antiseptic were used in time—within six or eight hours after the infliction of the wound.

In France it was the custom of the troops and gallants of the Court of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. to devote themselves to the service of a woman of beauty, whom they knew only by name. Many would buy stockings for their own use which they begged the fair one to wear for a few days by way of consecration.

Courts of love were held in France and England composed in equal parts of both sexes, who decided all cases between lovers, determined all points of etiquette in gallantry or in the terms to be used by sweethearts in addressing each other.

I was foolish because Ned's mind was made up, and my remark only irritated him.

"I'll have the microscope, too, if I want it," he said, in what—if it were not Ned—I should call a snappish tone.

"Now, don't raise any more objections—please!" he added. "Just send notes to Mr. and Mrs. Denford, Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe. I want the thing to come off in about a week."

The invitations have gone. What wouldn't I give if I could recall that!

The Story of Our Last War With Mexico

By Bancroft Taylor

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

CHAPTER I.—How the War Began.

It was seventy years ago—on May 13, 1846—that the United States made a formal declaration of war against Mexico, then under the Presidency of John Tyler.

The whole trouble centered about Texas, which had declared itself independent of Mexico in 1836, and nine years later, in December, 1845, was admitted into the Union under President James K. Polk. At this time the dispute over the northern boundary of Oregon was engaging international attention because of England's aggressive policy in claiming occupation by the establishment of trading posts; but this question was settled by treaty in 1846.

In the matter of Texas boundaries, however, the result was war between the United States and Mexico. Before Texas was admitted, President Polk had acted on its claim to its northern boundary. The campaign was carried into California, which was added to American territory on Aug. 13, 1846.

The war lasted two years, the treaty of peace being signed on Feb. 2, 1848, at Guadalupe Hidalgo. Through this war the United States won all the territory north of the Rio Grande in Texas, in addition to gaining all that is now New Mexico, together with California.

It was President Taylor who, on March 3, 1846—one day before the expiration of his term—signed the bill for the annexation of Texas. His successor, President Polk, ordered Gen. Zachary Taylor, in command of the military forces at New Orleans, to be prepared to march at any moment to the defense of Texas. Gen. Taylor started with 1,500 men and was reinforced at Corpus Christi, his headquarters, by seven companies of infantry and two of artillery, in all 3,500 men. The entire American army at that time consisted of two regiments of dragoons, four of artillery and eight of infantry. Though the American navy had not grown with the war, it was large enough to blockade every Mexican port. Mexico had an army of 20,000 and 50,000 men, but no navy.

"Old Mexico and her kindred nations," Taylor was called, marched to a point opposite the Mexican town of Matamorras. Here he was met by a demand from Gen. Arista, a high Mexican camp within twenty miles of the border. This demand was refused by Gen. Taylor. Moreover, he was ordered to blockade the Rio Grande, which meant that Mexico was to get no more food supplies by that route.

On April 25 Gen. Arista, who had replaced Gen. Ampudia as commander of the Mexican army, notified Gen. Taylor that the war had begun. The next day a squadron of dragoons went out under Capt. Thomas to gain information concerning the enemy, was captured. Already Col. Cruz, Assistant Quartermaster General, had been killed by bandits, and news had also been received of the defeat of a party under Lieut. Porter. On May 3 Fort Texas (later named Fort Brown), built by Gen. Taylor and left in charge of Major Brown with a small garrison, was fired upon. The siege continued for six days, but the fort was held by its gallant defenders.

Gen. Taylor, coming from Point Isabel with recruits from New Orleans, encountered the Mexican forces at Palo Alto and defeated them, with only four killed and thirty-nine wounded out of his total number of 3,500 men. This was the first real battle of the war. On the following day Gen. Taylor again completely routed the enemy at the battle of Resaca de la Palma. The Mexicans sustained serious losses, including three pieces of artillery and 500 pack mules.

The victorious American commander then pushed on to Fort Brown. On May 18 he crossed the Rio Grande and occupied Matamorras, thus carrying the war into Mexican territory.

Excitement was now running high throughout the country. All eyes were turned toward Washington when the President said to Congress: "Mexico has passed the boundaries of the United States and shed American blood upon American soil."

By the act passed on May 12 the President was authorized to call for 50,000 volunteers to serve for a period of one year or during the war. An eager response was made to this appeal to arms.

(To Be Continued Friday)

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.—Swift.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"I SAW you coming home with that man Pettigrew," said Mrs. Jarr. "Of course, it's none of my business, but if you'd take my advice you'd have nothing to do with him!"

"Pettigrew's a decent fellow," replied Mr. Jarr. "What have you got against him?"

"I haven't anything against him," said Mrs. Jarr, "but you are always taking up with some Tom, Dick and Harry and getting enthusiastic about them. Can't you see they are only working you?"

"I don't see how Pettigrew can work me," replied Mr. Jarr. "Why, he—"

"I suppose you'll be a big softy all your life, in spite of everything I can do for you," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "You won't take my advice, and what is the consequence?"

"Well, what is the consequence?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You'll find out when it is too late," said Mrs. Jarr, vaguely. "Then, if I as much as say I warned you, all the thanks I will get is that you cut me short."

"I'm not going to have any business dealings with Pettigrew," said Mr. Jarr, "if that's what's worrying you."

"That's what you said about other men I advised you to have nothing to do with," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "I don't know why it is, but you never would listen to me. When I've tried to advise you for your own good you won't listen to me. But any so-called friend of yours can make you believe the moon is made of green cheese!"

"Oh, everybody is pretty good to me," said Mr. Jarr. "Of course I have to do favors for people because a lot of people do favors for me, and turn about is fair play, you know."

"I'd like you to mention some one who repaid you," replied Mrs. Jarr. "You lend your money to anybody that comes along and tells you a story to win your sympathy; and yet you growl if I ask you for a couple of dollars. You run around at all hours of the day and the night recommending all sorts of people, and yet you wouldn't turn your hand to do any—"

"That would hardly be fair, would it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Jarr. "I wouldn't trust that Pettigrew. I don't think he'd be above it."

"Well, I wouldn't care to do that, anyway!" replied Mr. Jarr.

"Of course you wouldn't," said Mrs. Jarr. "You never would take my advice, and how do you know the man's honest?"

Mr. Jarr was of the opinion he'd have to risk it.

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

The squeaky noise can be eliminated from a graphophone by massaging it with an ace.

By constant application and practice any one should be able to juggle a sponge, a cannon ball and an aquarium without spilling the cannon ball or breaking the sponge.

While waiting for a century plant to bloom you can pass the time away and amuse the other inmates by trying to find the treble on a bass drum.

It is not necessary to number a dish of lima beans in rotation when serving, although as a rule seniority is generally given the preference in the front ranks.